

Insubordinates

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/44253925) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/44253925>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	One Piece (Anime & Manga)
Relationship:	Buggy/Crocodile/Dracule Mihawk
Character:	Buggy (One Piece) , Crocodile (One Piece) , Dracule Mihawk
Additional Tags:	Eventual Smut , and by eventual I just mean it's in the second chapter instead of the first , Threesome - M/M/M , Threats of Rape/Non-Con , Consensual Non-Consent , sort of??? , Dubious Consent , Crocodile is a shithead , Cross Guild , Buggy needs to get laid , and he does! good for him , Comedy , WUZZLES! , time for the chapter 2 update , Praise Kink , degradation kink , powerbottom Dracule Mihawk , the consent in this fic is simultaneously very dubious and very enthusiastic , Buggy is needy as hell , Anal Sex , Depththroating , Crying During Sex , and a wee bit of dacryphilia to go with it , mentions of inappropriate use of devil fruit powers , can I tag this for getting together? , Getting Together
Language:	English
Series:	Part 36 of NSD Writes One Piece
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-14 Completed: 2023-01-22 Words: 3,773 Chapters: 2/2

Insubordinates

by [NothingSoDivine](#)

Summary

"He still hasn't thanked us properly for saving his sorry ass," Crocodile groused. "We should be getting *something* out of him, don't you think? Put him on his knees, make him useful."

Buggy's heart nearly stopped.

A story about Buggy inexplicably managing to acquire two hot, morally dubious boyfriends to go with his Emperor status.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

been poking away at this and figured I might as well post the first part, since it was ready. hopefully I'll get the second part done soon, but I make no promises!

also, standard disclaimer that I use the VIZ translation for spelling &c

mind the tags. detailed content warning in the end notes

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

The three leaders of Cross Guild were lounging around. Well — two of them were. At first, it had just been Buggy lounging around — *alone*, thank you very much — until Mihawk and Crocodile had found him and decided to lounge around with him (purely to stress him out, as far as Buggy was concerned), at which point Buggy had switched from *lounging around* to *waiting for a chance to run away*. (Self-preservation, all right? Unlike most pirates, Buggy still had some sense of the stuff.)

They were complaining. *Again*. Buggy really wished he'd ended up with less whiny subordinates. Or, at the very least, ones whose whining wasn't all about *being his subordinates*. That would've been a big improvement.

He missed the East Blue. The East Blue was nice. Quiet. Unassuming. Easily plundered.

"...should've taken our chances with the navy," Crocodile griped. He was lounging on one couch, with his arms spread along the back and his legs spread across the seat — the picture of effortless swagger, all the way down to the cigar in his mouth. Those cigars had always tempted Buggy to crack some sort of blowjob joke, but Crocodile was two feet taller than him, and that hook of his was far more of a *stabbing* implement than a *chopping* one, so Buggy didn't like his chances.

(He missed the East Blue.)

"Homesick for Impel Down, Crocodile?" Mihawk remarked drily. He was slouched on the other couch, with his ankles crossed, his hands folded over his stomach, and his old feathered hat pulled down over his face as though he was attempting to take a nap in the middle of the conversation. With what some of the rumours had said about him over the years, he might well have been intending to do exactly that.

Crocodile scoffed. "We would've been fine. You and I could've handled things just fine without this fucker." He jerked his head at Buggy, who leaned back deeper into his chair, as though the attention was a physical attack that he could dodge. Buggy liked dodging. It usually kept him out of trouble. (Usually. These past couple of years notwithstanding.)

"He still hasn't thanked us properly for saving his sorry ass," Crocodile grouched, and Buggy started preparing an objection, but Crocodile wasn't done. "We should be getting *something* out of him, don't you think? Put him on his knees, make him useful."

Buggy's heart nearly stopped. Suddenly, all he could picture was kneeling between Crocodile's legs

as Crocodile shoved his way into Buggy's throat — Crocodile's hook against the back of his neck, forcing him to hold still and take it while Crocodile fucked his mouth — and his need to leave the room was abruptly way more urgent.

(It wasn't a joke. Not entirely, anyway. It was a threat, and a real one. The thought made terror trickle down Buggy's spine, but at the same time, that was definitely arousal pooling between his legs.)

Mihawk tipped his hat up with one finger, just far enough to cut one sharp eye over to Crocodile. "That's disgusting, Crocodile."

Buggy didn't even realize he was opening his mouth to speak until he heard his own voice ringing around the room. "I mean, he has a point," he heard himself say. "You did save me, right? I owe you both. You'd be totally right to take something in exchange." Then he caught himself, and very firmly shut his mouth, before he could say anything worse.

Crocodile barked one syllable of laughter. That sharp red eye sliced over to Buggy. He swallowed hard.

After a long, tense moment, Mihawk tugged his hat back down, cutting off his bladed gaze. "I don't like clowns," he said. "You do what you like."

Fucking *ouch*, but okay, whatever. So Mihawk was a bitch; that wasn't news. It wasn't like Buggy wanted him to do anything anyways. It wasn't like Mihawk was— was *attractive* or anything, with that sharp jawline, and those piercing eyes, and the plunging necklines of all his shirts, that showed off his smooth, muscled chest, with all the... the muscle definition, and everything. Shit.

Crocodile scoffed, and lowered his cigar to pipe smoke towards the ceiling. "That's no fun. I'm hardly going to rape him without you."

Oh, fuck. Even knowing he was talking about not doing it, Crocodile's words made Buggy shiver with helpless arousal. He should really probably have been leaving. It was always important to recognize when the best course of action was to beat a strategic retreat — frankly, Buggy prided himself on being a bit of an expert on the subject — and now? Now was a *very* good time to retreat. Second only to the moment Crocodile had brought up sex to begin with.

"I'm not interested in raping anyone," Mihawk retorted, and Buggy abandoned his seat and hurried out of the room before he could do anything as unbearably pathetic as beg for it.

Chapter End Notes

detailed content warning: Crocodile genuinely and explicitly threatens to rape Buggy. Buggy is into it, and Crocodile decides not to do it, but the intent is there, and the language reflects that. there is no actual sexual assault in the fic, hence the lack of archive warning.

if you want to help keep me motivated to finish chapter two, comments and kudos are very good at that. or you can come pester me on [twitter](#) or [tumblr](#)

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

"Knew you'd come around."

Chapter Notes

all the consent in this chapter is enthusiastic, don't worry. time to get this poor clown
some former warlord tail

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

By that night, Buggy had almost managed to forget about the whole discussion for long enough to finish washing up for bed. He was just moisturizing his face when he heard Mihawk speak up from the bathroom door.

"You know, you're not half bad to look at under there."

Buggy bolted upright. In the mirror, he saw Mihawk, wearing loose black pyjama bottoms and an open shirt under a long burgundy brocade dressing gown, standing in the doorway. That heavy gold cross of his lay invitingly against his bare breastbone.

Buggy turned. The way Mihawk was leaning against the jamb, with his arm propped across the doorway, meant he was very casually blocking Buggy's escape route. Maybe he could get out the porthole. He'd have to sneak his feet past, but he could probably make enough of a distraction to manage that before tossing himself out the window. That was a normal response to receiving a compliment from a coworker, right? Throwing himself out the nearest window? That was reasonable.

Before he could decide whether or not to try and run, Mihawk stepped into the room, encroaching on Buggy's personal space step by step. Buggy swallowed nervously. Mihawk, he'd always found, was both very handsome and very terrifying, and it was unclear how closely the two were related.

"You seemed very interested in Crocodile's vile suggestion earlier," Mihawk observed. "Don't tell me you *wanted* it."

Buggy's hackles rose, but something in Mihawk's voice made him hesitate. Even at the best of times, Mihawk was horrendously hard to read, but Buggy was learning, and he *thought* he might be teasing right now? Shit, it was so hard to tell.

He stammered out some half-assed denial, but that was as far as he got before Mihawk was in his personal space. As Buggy took an instinctive half-step back, Mihawk stepped even closer, grabbing Buggy's chin between thumb and forefinger and tilting his face up.

Buggy swallowed again. Mihawk was only a few centimetres taller than him, but he owned those extra few.

"You're rather pathetic, aren't you." Again, it was an observation, cool and detached, but the words sent arousal shivering down Buggy's spine all the same. Buggy nodded as best he could without dislodging Mihawk's grip on his chin, and Mihawk hummed. "No pride," he went on, "no honour, no shame. But I suppose men like you have their uses."

His grip shifted. For a second, it felt like he'd grabbed Buggy by the throat, but he hadn't. Rather, he was holding him with the very tips of his finger and thumb under the corners of Buggy's jaw.

"Come with me," he ordered, and he dragged Buggy out of the bathroom and down the hall.

By the time they got to Crocodile's room, Buggy was half-hard in his pyjamas. Mihawk's grip was still firm under his jaw, his pace just fast enough to keep Buggy off-balance trying to keep up. He burst into Crocodile's bedroom without knocking, dragging Buggy behind him like a misbehaving pet. "Crocodile," he greeted, kicking the door shut before tossing Buggy backwards towards the bed.

Buggy stumbled back, tripped over the footboard and went sprawling backward. A sandstorm caught him before he could land and dragged him the rest of the way onto the bed before coalescing fully back into Crocodile, with Buggy's head in his lap.

"Knew you'd come around," Crocodile told Mihawk.

"Yes, well," Mihawk replied. "Once consent was an option, it became rather a different discussion, didn't it?"

Buggy squirmed. Whether it was to regain his balance or to get away, he wasn't totally sure, but Crocodile fisted his hand in Buggy's loose hair and pulled his head back, and Buggy whined pathetically. Crocodile was dressed for bed too, with his broad chest bare under a dark green dressing gown and yet another cigar between his teeth. It was a good look. It was a *really* good look.

"Oh, he's *pretty* under there."

The surprised pleasure in Crocodile's voice was devastating enough, but Buggy wasn't sure he'd ever been called pretty in his *life*. It kind of made him want to cry. Shit, what could he do to hear it again? All of a sudden, he was pretty sure he'd do anything Crocodile wanted if it meant he could hear it again.

Mihawk just hummed. "Surprised me, too." The bed dipped as he climbed onto it, but Buggy was busy watching Crocodile's eyes rake across his body. He looked *hungry*, like Buggy was the tastiest meal he'd been offered in months. Buggy couldn't help squirming some more at the attention, but if anything, it made that hungry gaze even hungrier.

Mihawk settled his weight across Buggy's lap. He'd ditched his clothes somewhere; his cross still hung around his neck, but otherwise, all that smooth skin was on shameless display, and his cock was at half-mast and still rising. He was goddamn gorgeous, but Buggy tried not to think too hard about it.

Mihawk scoffed. "Look at him." He plucked at the waistband of Buggy's pyjamas with one finger. Buggy's now-raging erection bounced against the fabric. "Desperate for it."

The disdain in his voice made Buggy squirm even harder. Despite how terrifying Mihawk was — at the moment, but also just in general — he couldn't help blurting, "Please—"

Mihawk shifted, kicking his feet over Buggy's splayed thighs to hold them still as he sat up on his heels. "Here's how this is going to go," he began, and Buggy immediately shut the fuck up to listen. "We're going to use you until we're satisfied. If you come, that's fine, but we won't be stopping. And if you can't satisfy us, then we won't come back for more. Any objections?"

Buggy shook his head fervently, and Crocodile's hand in his hair loosened to let him. He didn't dare answer out loud, in case he swallowed his damn tongue, or worse, said something to make Mihawk change his mind.

The corner of Mihawk's mouth softened slightly. It wasn't a smile, but it felt like one. It made Buggy's heart flutter like a trapped butterfly. "Good."

"Still had to ask," Crocodile scoffed. "Look at this face." He tightened his grip, gave Buggy's head a little shake, and Buggy's eyes rolled back in his head. "He'd do anything we told him to."

"It's a matter of dignity." Mihawk tugged Buggy's pyjamas down to his thighs. As his erection sprang free, Buggy heard the click of a bottle opening. "I wouldn't expect you to understand."

"Dignity?" Crocodile laughed unpleasantly. "This thing? He wouldn't know dignity if it bit him on the balls."

"I'm aware." Mihawk's wet hand closed around Buggy's dick. His grip was hot and deliciously firm; Buggy whimpered and tried to buck into the contact, but the hold Mihawk had on his thighs kept him pinned. "But I prefer to give my sexual partners the choice. If they don't want dignity, they can discard it themselves."

At that, Crocodile positively cackled. "That's despicable, Hawk-eyes! I didn't think you had it in you."

"It's just common courtesy," Mihawk replied. Even if it wasn't visible on his face, Buggy could hear that smile in his voice. "Like I said — I wouldn't expect you to understand."

Crocodile's only reply was a wordless snarl, threatening but still clearly amused. Mihawk lifted his weight off Buggy's legs, then shifted up his body, adjusting his grip on Buggy's cock.

"Hold still," he ordered, and then there was a soft-wet-hot-tight pressure first nudging at, then sinking down onto, Buggy's cock.

Buggy tried not to cry, he really did. He fought back his overwhelmed tears as Mihawk took him, gritting his teeth against the onslaught of pleasure. He'd never felt anything as good as the way Mihawk felt around him, but he could keep it together. He could handle it. He was a goddamn Emperor, for fuck's sake; he would *not* cry just from getting laid.

Except, then Mihawk's hips met his. And Mihawk settled into his lap with a pleased sigh, Buggy's cock buried to the hilt inside him. And Buggy only managed one hitching breath before the tears spilled over.

"Aww," Crocodile crooned mockingly. "Mihawk, look." Buggy tried to twist his face away, but Crocodile's hand tightened in his hair, keeping him still. "Can't even handle your cunt for five seconds."

"Oh, leave him be," Mihawk snapped, with surprising sharpness. "Just because *you* have no appreciation for the finer things, doesn't mean the *rest* of us are such philistines."

Two delicate, sword-callused fingertips traced the line of Buggy's cheekbone, down the side of his

face, and along his jaw. "Besides," Mihawk went on, voice dipping low and sultry, "with what you're into, you can't tell me you don't think he's even prettier like this."

Crocodile hummed. His grip shifted in Buggy's hair, almost like a caress. "True."

Again, Buggy tried to turn away, and this time, Crocodile let him bury his tear-stained face in Crocodile's pyjama pants. "Feeling shy?" Crocodile teased. "This your first time?"

"F-fuck off," Buggy tried to snap, but it lost all its bite as he realized he was hiding his face against Crocodile's clothed erection. Before he could stop himself, he was breathing a broken little moan and pressing closer.

Crocodile hummed. "Cute." The word landed against Buggy's tailbone like a static shock. "You want it?"

Buggy nodded weakly, turning his teary eyes up towards Crocodile's face. Through the blur, he could see the way Crocodile grinned.

"Go ahead."

Buggy craned his neck backward, both hands reaching up to scrabble at Crocodile's pyjama pants. Sure, he could have used his powers for it — would've been easier that way — but frankly, he didn't *want* to. How could he, when, for once in his life, there were other people here with him? He didn't have to pretend, now. Those were two solid human bodies against his own; the strain in his throat, the ache of his spine as he arched into Crocodile's lap, made it all *real*, and Buggy didn't want to feel anything else.

Crocodile's cock bounced free, flushed and heavy with arousal. Buggy's mouth watered. He was still crying a little, blinking away the tears that kept clouding his vision, but he could see how nice Crocodile's cock was, long and thick and uncut. It smelled good, too, musk unfamiliar and intoxicating for it. Buggy angled his head back, eager to get his mouth on it, and ended up grumbling a frustrated noise around a haphazard mouthful. Sure, he'd sucked dick before, but this was his first time sucking someone *else's*, and this wasn't an angle he'd ever bothered trying to figure out on his own.

Mihawk's weight left his lap, and that incredible feeling enveloping Buggy's cock started to retreat. Buggy smothered a desperate whine against Crocodile's shaft, but before he could protest any further, Mihawk dropped his weight back down, and Buggy was pretty sure most of his brain leaked right out his ears. He heard Mihawk's satisfied hum, and a pathetic gasp that sounded like his own voice.

"Hey, don't distract him," Crocodile grumbled.

"You *could* just wait your turn," Mihawk retorted, the tiniest bit breathless as he repeated that dizzying movement with his hips. The sound of it sent a thrill of pride through Buggy. *He* did that. *He* was taking Mihawk's breath away, even just a little. He pressed another sloppy, upside-down-and-sideways kiss to the underside of Crocodile's cock, tongue pressing forward to taste the musk and salt of his skin.

"Hey." Crocodile's hand tightened in his hair, tipping his head up to meet Crocodile's eyes. "How's your throat?"

Buggy just whined and let his mouth fall open. He may have only ever practiced on himself, but holy hell had he ever practiced. (But hey, could anyone blame him? Going through puberty with

powers like his, it was a miracle he hadn't hurt himself with all the shit he got up to.) Crocodile would be a challenge, but Buggy could take him. ...Probably.

Crocodile tilted Buggy's head back. "'Hawk," he said, but Mihawk was already stilling in Buggy's lap.

"Take it slow," Mihawk warned as Crocodile used the back of his hook to angle his cock down towards Buggy's mouth. That probably shouldn't have been so hot, seeing Crocodile's hook pressed up against his cock, but then the head was sliding across his tongue, and Buggy had way more important things to worry about. Crocodile's cock was broad and hot between his lips, leaking precome across Buggy's soft palate as he slid in. He flattened his tongue, took deep breaths through his nose, and did his best to open the way as Crocodile fed his cock slowly down Buggy's throat.

Shit, it was *big*. At some point, Buggy's eyes rolled shut, but he didn't even notice until his nose was bumping up against Crocodile's balls, throat dizzyingly full. Every careful breath he took sent Crocodile's scent flooding his senses, hot and heavy in his nose and across his tongue. Holy shit. Holy shit, he took it all. He was *so* going to be smug about this later, when he wasn't about to blow his load just from the feeling.

"*Fuck*, that's good," Crocodile groaned, and Buggy choked on a moan.

"I'm going to move," Mihawk warned, and then he did, and then Crocodile flexed his fingers in Buggy's hair and started thrusting carefully into his throat, and it was all Buggy could do to keep breathing instead of coming his brains out. Holy shit. The pace Crocodile set in his throat was cautious, but made Buggy's head spin, and only partly from trying to breathe. He'd have been close just from that, but with Mihawk riding him, he was barely holding on. Fuck, he couldn't be first. Mihawk had said he could come, but he'd hardly be satisfied if Buggy went soft halfway through.

By some miracle, when Crocodile's thrusts started losing rhythm, Buggy was still holding on. Crocodile's fingers tightened in his hair until his scalp stung. "Go on," Mihawk urged breathlessly, echoing Buggy's silent plea, and Crocodile came down Buggy's throat with a deep, satisfied groan.

Buggy swallowed it all easily, even eagerly. And yeah, okay, maybe he'd gotten a little too much practice with his own, but it was so worth it for the fact that Crocodile could shove in deep and come inside him, throbbing on his tongue, spilling down his throat, oh shit, oh *fuck*. Buggy's hands grasped wildly at the bedding to try and anchor himself.

Crocodile pulled out. The noise that escaped Buggy's throat was utterly humiliating, but neither Crocodile or Mihawk seemed to mind.

Mihawk braced a hand on Buggy's stomach and leaned down, putting just enough weight into his palm to pin him down properly. "Good boy," he said, and Buggy came on the spot.

The feeling tore through him like a fucking hurricane. While he smothered his wail in Crocodile's thigh, he felt Mihawk clench around him, and felt him spill across Buggy's stomach. Somewhere in the back of his mind, he felt a pang of regret that he wasn't watching Mihawk's face, but maybe next time. (Assuming there would be a next time. Oh fuck, please let there be a next time.)

The hand in Buggy's hair uncurled. Buggy melted into the bed. For a moment, all three of them caught their breath.

Mihawk moved first, rising from Buggy's lap. Buggy's cock slid out of him with a wet sound. "Stay right there," Mihawk ordered, and climbed off the bed. A moment later, he was back, wiping Buggy's stomach clean with a dry rag. Buggy hummed.

"There," said Mihawk, "all yours," and Crocodile, who'd been as melted as Buggy, came alive again.

Somehow, in a flurry of movement, Buggy ended up on top of Crocodile, with his face in Crocodile's chest and Crocodile's arm across his back. Crocodile was warm and remarkably comfortable to lie on. Instinctively, Buggy tried to burrow closer; Crocodile snorted, amused, but didn't stop him. Crocodile's fingers, hot and dry like sun-warmed sand, rubbed absentminded little grooves into Buggy's side, where his pyjama shirt had gotten rucked up. The bed bounced as Mihawk flopped down beside them with a contented sigh, and Buggy took a minute to process everything.

He just had sex with Crocodile and Mihawk. He just had a fucking *gay threesome* with two of the hottest and most powerful men on the seas. And they might even do it *again*, if he was good enough. He cracked an eye open to peek at them both. On the other side of the bed, Mihawk was perfectly put-together again, back in his black silk pyjamas, lying still as a corpse with his hands folded across his stomach. Under Buggy's cheek, Crocodile's chest rose and fell gradually with his breath as he finished his cigar, rich white smoke streaming from his nose. They seemed pretty well satisfied, but it wasn't like Buggy knew how to tell.

He was still trying to figure out how to ask about it when Crocodile reached over to the bedside table to stub out his cigar in the ashtray.

"Hawk-eyes, take this." His broad hand closed around the scruff of Buggy's neck, hauled him up, and tossed him face-first into Mihawk's lap.

Mihawk caught him easily with one hand, ignoring Buggy's startled yelp. "What now?"

"You're up for one more, aren't you?" said Crocodile. "You can have his mouth this time, I want his ass."

With his face in Mihawk's lap, it would've been hard for Buggy to miss the way Mihawk's cock twitched at that. It wasn't as big as Crocodile's, but that didn't matter to Buggy. His mouth watered; he licked his lips.

"Oh, all right," said Mihawk.

Chapter End Notes

to everyone who stuck with this fic, thanks for reading! I appreciate you & hope you enjoyed it

[twitter](#) | [tumblr](#)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!